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Herod the Great, The King
of the Jews.
1859.



Herod the Great,

The King of the Jews;

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

VARIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES, HISTORICAL AND
PROPHETICAL, CONNECTED WITH
THE COMING OF

CHRIST JESUS THE LORD
INTO THE WORLD.

BY

WILLIAM M. WILLETT.

"How delighted I to be seen, when the eye of Isaac, David, Cyrus, Alexander, the Hebrews, Pontius, and Israel, assembling to witness for the glory of the Gospel!"

— Isaiah — "Thou shalt see Babylon!"

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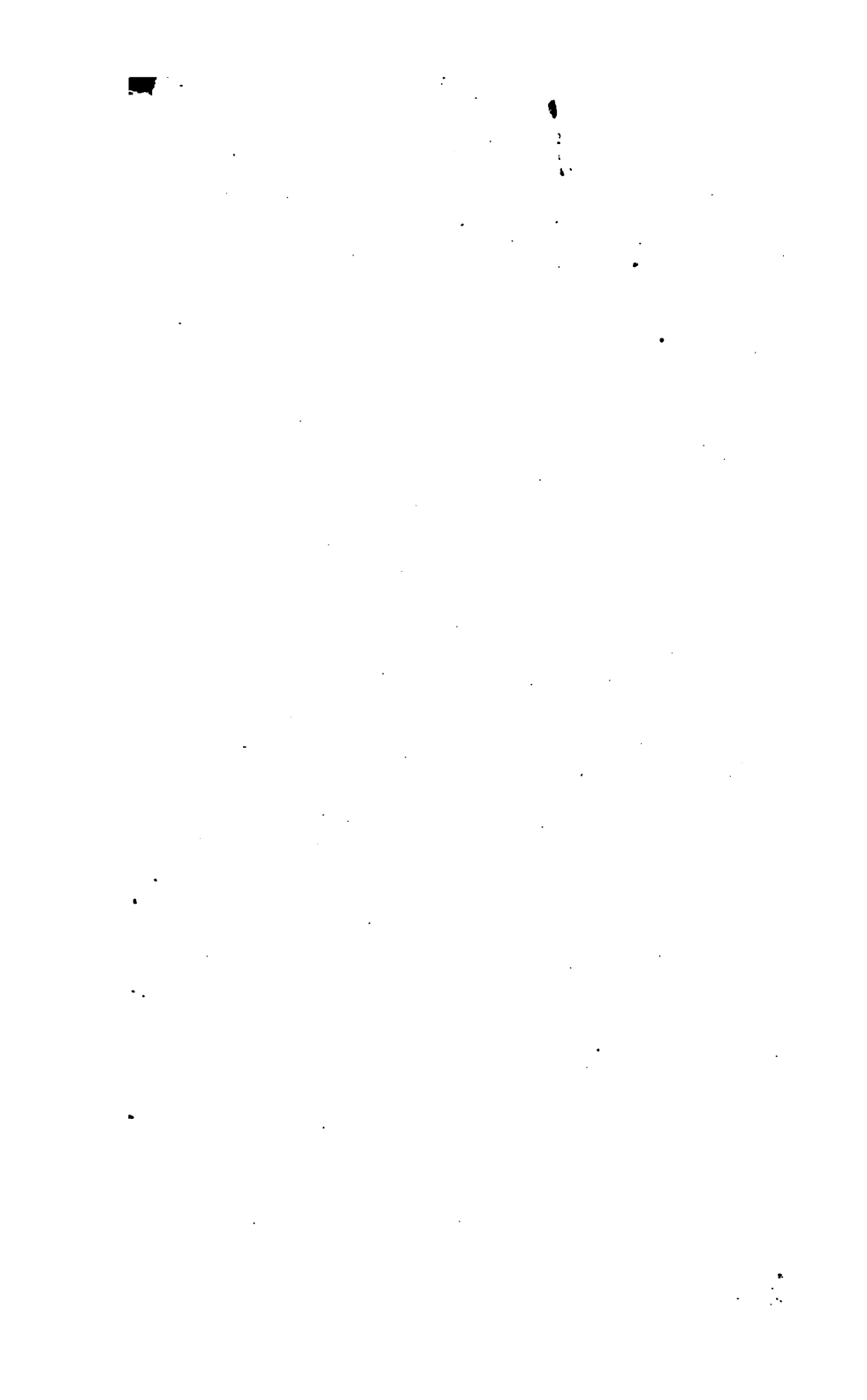
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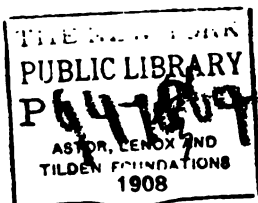
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Book First.

THE MONUMENT.

PROEM.

For many generations there stood on a hill (on which also was built the city of Modin, the location of which is now unknown) on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, a lofty and splendid pile, which long served as a sea-signal to the voyager as he approached the coast of Palestine. Far off upon the sea it might have been seen, with the long chain of Lebanon to the north, Mount Ephraim to the east, and the mountains of Judæa on the south, lining the distant horizon. Not far, probably, from the base of the hill on which the pile stood, the waters of the Mediterranean washed the shore, and the sound of the waves fell as music on the ear.

The pile consisted of a white marble monument, highly polished, adorned with sculpture, and of a great height, with seven pyramids in juxtaposition to the monument, with a peristyle, or a circular row of pillars, surrounding the whole. The pillars, which were composed each of a single block of white marble, were cut with armour and ships, the armour a fac-simile of that worn by the Maccabees. There was also possibly carved thereon the sword of Apollonius, who was slain by the hand of Judas Maccabæus in his first battle, and used by him ever afterward. The carved work on

the tall pillars was on a scale of such magnitude that it could be seen at a considerable distance from the sea. The whole structure was remarkable not only for its size but its beauty, and partook somewhat of the grace and elegance of Grecian architecture.

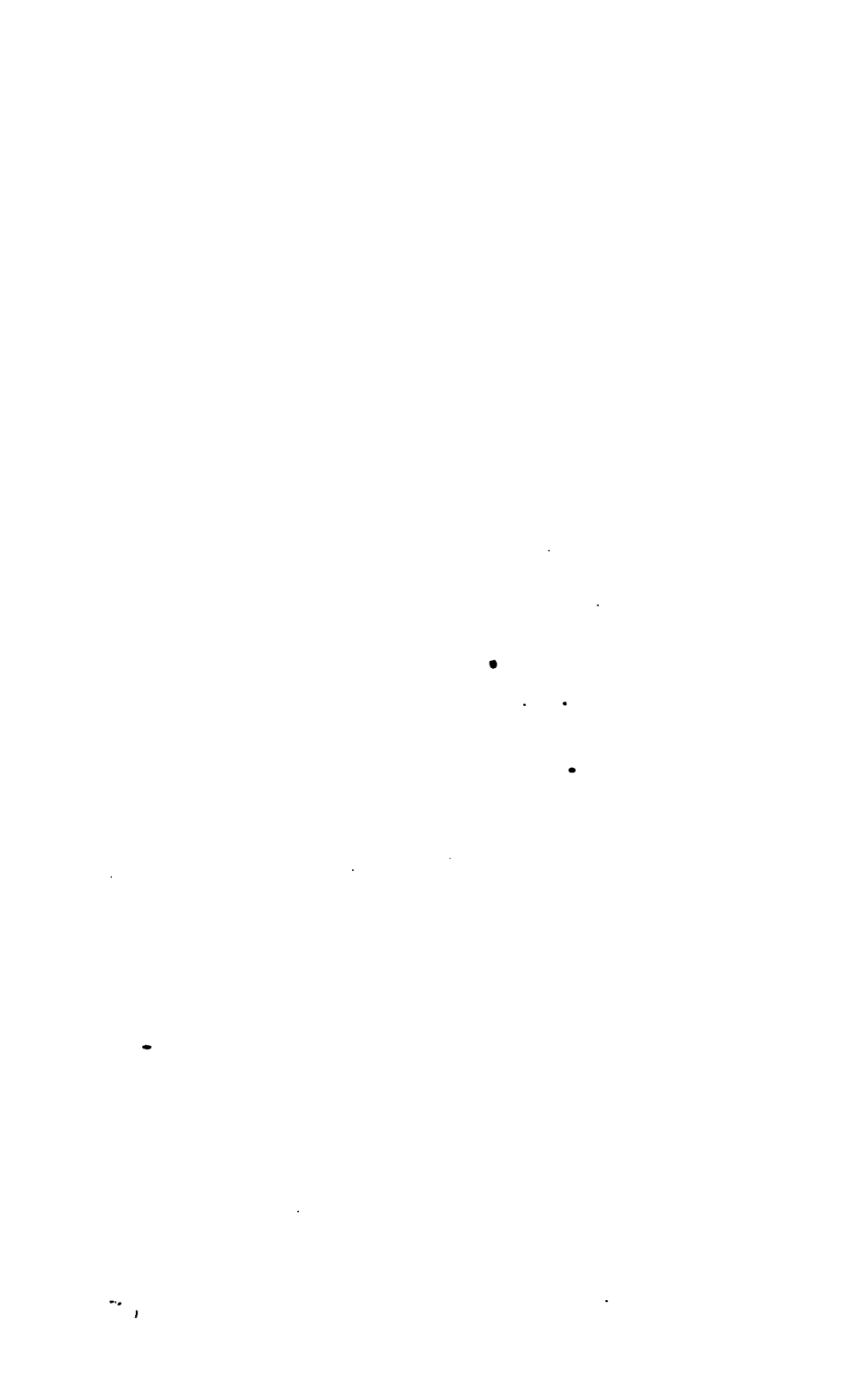
This monumental pile marked the last resting-spot of the liberators of the Jewish nation from the thralldom of the Greek-Macedonian empire of the Seleucidæ.* Here—their battles over, their country free, and their ancient constitution restored—they rested in peace.

The one who reared with great care and great cost this monument to their memory was Simon, the second son of the aged and valorous Mattathias, and who survived them all. When he became in his turn, by the universal consent of his nation, their ruler, and Judea once more stood erect among the surrounding nations as an independent kingdom, Simon built this mausoleum over the spot where reposed the remains of his father and mother and his four brothers, John, Judas, Eleazar, and Jonathan. Of the seven pyramids, six were erected, one over against the other, in memory of those already dead; the seventh was reserved for himself.

This monument of which we have spoken still stood in the time of Josephus, who saw it and has left the description of it; and Eusebius also speaks of it, as we are informed, as existing in his time, which was two hundred years later. Gradually, however, along with other monuments of past ages, it crumbled into dust; and now not a stone of it is left to mark where

* So called from *Seleucus Nicator*, the founder of the Greek-Syrian empire.

it stood: every trace or vestige of it is gone. But while it remained it set forth the prowess of Judæa's sons and commemorated the freedom of the nation. The voyager on the Syrian coast, whoever he might be,—whether the dweller on the Ionian Sea, or the Greek from the isles of the Ægean, or the Lacedemonian of the same origin as the Jews, (as acknowledged by the Lacedemonians themselves,) or the Asiatic from the Hellespont,—could not fail to be reminded of deeds which, when we consider the small force of the Jews in comparison with that which the Greek-Macedonian kings of Syria brought against them, together with the result, will not yield in illustriousness to any other. The repeated triumphs of Judas Maccabæus, and his brothers Jonathan and Simon, over the Syrians, thus chronicled, were carried in every direction: they reached Rome itself, then fast arising into great power; and the proud republic was not ashamed to receive Judæa into the number of its friends and allies. Tablets of brass hung in the temple of Jupiter at Rome on the Capitoline Hill, and tablets of brass suspended in the outer court of the temple at Jerusalem, contained the record of the various alliances of the Jews and the Romans. The patriotism and valor commemorated by these tablets, though the tablets themselves have long since perished, live yet in the hearts of this people; and the day will come when, no doubt, this wonderful nation will be restored to its own land and take the first place among the nations of the earth,—will receive the homage not of one nation, but of many, and will yet bless, according to the promise made to Abraham, all the families of our world.



HEROD THE GREAT.

Book First.

CHAPTER I.

THE PREDICTION.

ONCE upon a time a boy was wending his way to school through the streets of Jerusalem. He was a boy of bright parts, and, though but eight summers had passed over his head, he had already a very determinate and resolute bearing. His physiognomy was not altogether Jewish: it had a certain tincture about it that savoured at no very remote date of a foreign stock; yet on the whole, from the cast of the face, one would be ready to infer that the lad partook of Jewish blood and had been grafted into their vine. He was the son of one of the wealthiest families, if not the wealthiest family, of Jerusalem. In the splendid palace-mansion of his father, located probably in the upper city, as that part denominated Zion's Hill was called, (for in that quarter rose the mansions of the wealthy and of the princes of the people,) his eyes first saw the light. The city of Jerusalem was his native city: here he was born; here he first awoke to consciousness and to life. The objects

with which he was first familiar were those which belonged to the City of David; his earliest associations were connected with Zion,—her temple and ritual, her walls and her bulwarks.

There lived at this time in the city of Jerusalem a very eminent Jewish teacher. His name was Menahem. He was of the sect of the Essenes,—a sect remarkable for the simplicity of their manners and the innocence of their lives. For silence they were as remarkable as the disciples of the Greek philosopher Pythagoras. They would not speak at all till after the sun arose, but addressed themselves in entire silence and stillness to God. They had a great reverence for the name of God. They lived together, for the most part, in small communities in the towns and villages of Judea; and when they met to partake of food at a common table, the younger part of the company invariably listened with the greatest deference to the elders,—as it was among the Spartans in the days of their poverty and frugality. All they had was common to all, each man sharing in the common stock, no one calling any thing his own. Thus they passed their lives in simplicity, in labour mostly agricultural, and in sweet content and harmony. Men of great piety arose among them, some of whom were endowed with the spirit of prophecy. One of these, by name Judas, foretold the early death of Antigonus, second son of John Hyrcanus, predicting both the place and the exact time when it would occur. Another foretold the deposition and banishment of Archelaus, son of Herod the Great, or, rather, interpreted correctly a dream of Archelaus which presignified that event.

Of this sect was this Menahem of whom we are now to speak.

It is not altogether improbable he was the chief teacher of the school to which our lad of eight summers was wending his way. However, as of this we are not sure, we will not affirm the fact. But far and wide was he known throughout the city both for piety and knowledge. He held also, it is supposed, the high office of vice-president of the great Jewish national council known as the Sanhedrin. His word had great weight; and when he appeared in the streets or in his school he was revered as one who loved the law of his God and regulated his life by it.

Our boy, with a bold and free step, walked along, lost in his own thoughts. Of a sanguine turn, life already began to be gilded with bright tints, and his imagination, readily kindled, sketched on the dim outline of the future gorgeous pageants and visions which exist only in the fancy of the youthful dreamer. Of a restive nature, the yoke of a school chafed his exuberant spirit; though not wholly without ardour did he pursue his studies. The splendid imagery of the prophets, and the brilliant pictures they draw of the coming glory of his nation, fired his impressible mind. For aught we know, some thoughts of this kind may have been passing through his mind, he lost in them and walking along leisurely to school, when suddenly he was accosted thus:—"Hail, King of the Jews!"

The reverie of the lad thus suddenly broken in upon, he stopped, turned round; and there stood Menahem, his teacher, with his face so placid and benignant.

The boy Herod,—for the lad of whom we have thus

far spoken was none other,—looking up at Menahem, said, “You mistake. I am not, as you see, either Alexander or Antigonus, [the sons of Aristobulus, the then reigning king of the Jews,] but of Antipater. How came you to take me for one of the young princes?”

Upon this Menahem the Essene replied, “No: I made no mistake. On the contrary, God has sent me to announce to you that he has chosen you to fill the place of king of his people; and coming years will show that I but predict that which God has ordained.” Upon this, Menahem struck Herod with the palm of his hand upon his back between the shoulders two or three times, and bade him remember those blows when he came to the throne.

The lad, somewhat bewildered and surprised by so strange an interview in the public street, stood still and said nothing.

Menahem, too, was lost in silence for a moment or so, and then, with a sudden change of expression in his countenance, and sadness of tone, said, “Thou wilt live to ascend the throne, as I said, and thou wilt attain to great renown; but thy greatness and thy prosperity will corrupt thee. Thou wilt forget the lessons of thy infancy and the instructions of thy childhood. The pomp and glare of earth will withdraw thee from thy God, and thou wilt depart from the ways of righteousness. Happy would be thy life, and sweet and peaceful the close of thy days, if thou wouldst but follow after truth, justice, and mercy; but thou wilt not. Thy morn and noon of life, so fair and auspicious, will become clouded toward its close; and when it is too late thou wilt find that thy sins will darken about

thee as a thick cloud, and thy sun, so resplendent to the world, will set shrouded in darkness." So ended the solemn counsel and warning. Slowly and sadly Menahem walked away, while to the boy thus addressed the words fell upon his ear with no boding sound. He did not understand them. Whatever impression was made, it passed away for the present; but memory, faithful to her trust, recalled them with great power when, contrary to his expectations or the gayest fancy he ever formed, he became, as Menahem predicted, after the lapse of many years, in very deed "King of the Jews."

After the interview, our school-boy bent his way to school, and was soon absorbed in his usual tasks. When he came home at night, he made no allusion to the morning scene or interview with Menahem. Moreover, his father Antipater at this time was not a little abstracted from his family. He was even then at work setting in motion a chain of events—he himself little dreaming of the result and never living to see it—which would fulfil eventually the very prophecy of Menahem. But this plot in our drama will form the subject of the next chapter, and in its results will produce an entire change of scene. A new set of actors will make their appearance; and Herod, by this change, will stand among the tombs and in the ancient home of his ancestors.

CHAPTER II.

THE NIGHT-FLIGHT.

THE reader's attention is requested for a moment to a very brief survey of the history of the Maccabees, or the Asamonean family.

The father of the Maccabees—as they are called—was Mattathias, great-grandson of Asamoneus (whence the family-name) and priest of the course of Joarib. In the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, King of Syria, when this “wicked root”—as the Jewish chronicler calls him—undertook to root out from the earth the whole nation of the Jews, ordering all who did not conform to the Greek religion to be slain with fagot and sword, he, with his five gallant sons, stood up for the defence of the faith and institutions of the fathers. He unfurled his banner in the wilderness, and all who loved their country and were faithful to their God resorted to him. Their dwelling-place was for the time the dens and caves of the earth. Their songs were heard in the wilderness; and, amid destitution and the loss of all things, they kept with gladness, with the sound of the harp, the festival of Tabernacles.

The old man—the aged man, the patriarch of his native village Modin—led the van. At this time all Judea was overrun by Greek-Syrian troops; heathen altars were erected in every village, and strange incense

was burnt in the streets and at the doors of the houses. There was a sad falling away of Israel in that day. The fear of a dreadful death overcame the fortitude of most; while many, already derelict in heart, were glad to conform to the rites of a strange religion. Honors and rewards awaited the complaisant; death was the portion of all who would not recant from the faith of their fathers and eat of meat offered to idols. At this time also the temple was desolate and its marble courts vacant, save as the heathen trod them to profane them, the long aisles echoing to their solitary footsteps. So little was the temple frequented that, like a city in time of pestilence, grass grew in its courts; while none but aliens dwelt in the faithful city. The fire on the altar had been put out; no candlestick with its seven lamps lit up the holy place; even the gorgeous veil that separated the holy place from the most holy had been removed, and the two rooms of the temple were as one. Dark indeed was the cloud of desolation that hung over the land of Judah, and low were the hopes of the people.

From the top of the mountains,—skulking in the day-time, in their dens and hiding-places like wild beasts—by night, Mattathias and his sons would descend suddenly on their foes. This night it would be this village, the next that, the Maccabees with their war-cry sweeping all before them. For one year the aged Mattathias fought thus. Then he died. Judas Maccabæus, his third son, succeeded him. With but a handful of heroic followers, no army that was sent against him could withstand his valor. But his trust was not in his own arm, strong as that was: an invisible hand went be-

fore him and fought his battles for him. The pictured array of the battles of his countrymen in former ages was ever before his eyes; and he trusted in that power that made a way for the escape of Israel from the pursuing hosts of Pharaoh through the waters of the deep, deep sea. Here he stood as on a watch-tower; and, when he raised his voice in the hour of battle, it was as if the thunder shook the hills and the dark caverns within gave back the sound. Then, leaping on the enemy,—and his men, too, as if inspired with more than human strength and courage by that voice,—down went banner and banner-bearer, horse and rider. It was as if their foes were swept away as in an instant by a rushing deluge of overflowing waters. The largest and best-equipped armies that Syria could muster in turn were overthrown; till at length, after the space of some three years since the massacre of Jerusalem and the profanation of the temple by Antiochus Epiphanes, the land was free. Two years after the death of his father, Judas regained possession of Jerusalem, and consecrated that event by a new festival, the feast of the Dedication.

After the death of Judas,—who fell fighting for his country,—Jonathan, his next youngest brother, succeeded him. He acted both as High-Priest and Prince of the Jews. At his death, by the unanimous suffrage of the whole people, Simon was elected to fill the place of his brother Jonathan, and the office of Prince of the Jews was made hereditary in his family. Upon the death of Simon, John Hyrcanus, his son, took his place, and for twenty-nine years ruled with exemplary piety and wisdom. Next followed Aristobulus, the eldest son of John Hyrcanus, who after a short reign of a year died,

when his brother, Alexander Jannæus, became king. After a most turbulent reign of twenty-seven years, marked by six years of civil discord excited by the sect of the Pharisees, Alexander Jannæus died during one of his military expeditions,—(he was always at war,)—leaving the kingdom to his wife Alexandra.

The reign of Alexandra, the wife of Alexander Jannæus, brings us down very near to the point of time when this story opens. She was a woman of strong powers of mind, and during her government of nine years the nation for the most part enjoyed internal quiet, and its power was greatly respected by all the surrounding nations. She had two sons,—Hyrcanus and Aristobulus. When she died, she left the kingdom to Hyrcanus; but Aristobulus, his younger brother, raised an army, deposed Hyrcanus after he had occupied the throne but three months, and put himself in his place.

At the time this narrative opens, Aristobulus had reigned some six years, his brother the meanwhile occupying in all content a private station. Of an easy disposition, and having a small patrimony of his own, Hyrcanus cared not very much either to fill the office of High-Priest (which he had held during all his mother's reign) nor to fill the throne. His nature was sluggish; and it would seem as if he was somewhat dull of apprehension. So he lived contentedly as a private citizen, while his more ambitious brother figured on a larger stage. Aristobulus despised his brother because of his easy, indolent nature and his limited capacity, but appears not to have molested him in his retirement.

Such was the state of things at the period we have now reached; and the brief survey we have given of

the history of the Maccabees, or of the Asamonean family, we hope, will enable the reader to proceed understandingly with us from this point.

Hyrcanus had a friend and confidant, of a very different temperament from himself. This was Antipater, or Antipas, the father of the boy-king Herod. Whether there was any ground for it or not, he persuaded Hyrcanus that he was not safe as he was; that he had but two alternatives,—either to regain the throne or to lose his life; that the counsellors of his brother continually advised him to take his life. Hyrcanus, overcome by his fears, consented at last to seek aid from Aretas, King of Arabia; and, being assured by Antipater of a friendly reception from the Arabian king, he prepared secretly to fly from Jerusalem, intending soon to return and dispossess his brother of the power he had usurped. They were to flee in the secrecy and darkness of the night, Antipater having arranged every thing with the cool sagacity and clear foresightedness which he always showed in every event and circumstance of life for the contemplated flight.

A favourable opportunity was selected. By one of the gates of the city, when all was dark and still, the party, consisting of Hyrcanus, Antipater, his wife Cypros, and all his children,—Herod among the rest,—with a guard of faithful men, well armed, issued forth upon the road that led to Bethlehem. Cæphalion, the brother of Antipater, was also of the party. Once out of the city, they rode on with great speed. Soon their horses' hoofs clattered along the rocky ridge on which Bethlehem stands. Thence south to Hebron they

moved on swiftly on their night-journey, every breast anxious lest they should be pursued. From Hebron they crossed the country to the southern terminus of the Dead Sea. Here they turned into the narrow valley which, bounded by mountains on each side, lies between the Dead Sea and the Eastern (or Elanitic) Gulf of the Red Sea. Here they were safe,—at least, soon after they entered the valley, as they were within the domain of Aretas, King of Arabia. Midway in this valley, at about an equal distance from the two seas, stood the celebrated city of Petra, the capital of Aretas, King of Arabia. Once within the rich and populous valley, (now without a single inhabitant,) they travelled more leisurely. Perhaps a deputation from Aretas met them ere they reached Petra and escorted them through that overhanging ravine—then a paved road—which now forms so extraordinary an entrance into the city. As they passed along, overhead at times the sides of the ravine, extending upward several hundred feet, nearly met, darkening their path and almost shutting out the light of day. Under the paved road that their horses' feet trod upon, a covered channel hid the little stream that flowed through the centre of the city and emptied its waters by this channel into the plain that extends itself just outside of the mouth or entrance of the ravine. As they came out of the pass into the city, it opened before them its small area, in compass not over three miles, and almost entirely surrounded by mountains of rock. Here and there the mountain-sides opened and formed as it were narrow gullies (improved into streets) beyond the level area; but, tracing them, they soon abruptly terminated.

In the centre of the city, on the banks of the little stream that with its swift, clear current flowed directly through it from west to east, in the direction of the ravine, was the great public square. It stood, most likely, on both sides of the clear, little stream, and was thus cut into two equal parts. A bridge was built over the stream. Here probably, near the square and near the stream, stood the palace of Aretas; and, as it was not easy to scale the high mountains around the city, or to force the narrow pass which formed the only entrance into Petra, Aretas, as he looked around, might, in the language of the prophet, have likened his dwelling-place and his capital to a "nest set among the stars."* Aretas was a particular friend of Antipater. The father of Antipater, when he was Governor of Idumæa, in the reign of Alexander Jannæus, cultivated the friendship of the kings of Petra; and this regard had descended to the son. It was through the influence of Antipater Aretas had undertaken to restore Hyrcanus to his throne; and now on his arrival he is greeted as a guest, ally, and friend. The palace of the king is his residence. Aretas's offers of assistance were not, however, wholly disinterested. Alexander Jannæus, the father of Hyrcanus, had taken a number of cities from the King of Arabia; and these Hyrcanus, through Antipater, engaged to return when put once more in possession of his kingdom. Thus the compact was somewhat equal; and what now remained was to try the force of arms against Aristobulus,—brother about to go to war against brother. With a force of fifty thousand men

* Obadiah 4.

which Aretas meant to bring into the field, and the large party of the Jews in Jerusalem that through the secret negotiations of Antipater favoured Hyrcanus, and the numbers that were dissatisfied with the unjust and violent government of Aristobulus, the result was hardly doubtful. Meanwhile, Hyrcanus, and those with him, were perfectly safe in the city of Petra: they were also luxuriously entertained in the palace of the king.

CHAPTER III.

THE BOY-KING HEROD IN PETRA—THE CITY OF EDMO, OR ESAU.

HERE was a change of scene for the boy Herod, whose brow already coruscated with the kingly diadem, and for whom already a throne was prepared. But what was most impressive was, by this sudden change he was now in the seat of his ancestors. This was the ancient capital of Edom, or Esau, from whom Herod was descended. In ages long past this city stood, and the wealth of the East flowed to it through its seaport at the head of the Elanitic Gulf. Persia and India sent their stuffs here, and Arabia and Africa gold and incense. Petra in that far back, distant age was then the mart of the world, as Jerusalem, Tyre, and lastly Alexandria in Egypt, were afterwards. But the sword of the Lord had been bathed in the blood of Idumæa, or Edom, and

had been made fat with fatness.* Edom had stood far off from his brother Jacob in the day of his calamity; he had rejoiced in his downfall, and had joined with his enemies against him when he was carried captive into Babylon. It was a grievous offence; and grievously was it punished. During the captivity of Israel in Babylon they had been driven by the Nabathæan Arabs, one of the tribes of Ishmael, out of their ancient heritage. Forced to leave their fruitful valley, their cities, their homes, what was left of the nation† emigrated and sought another patrimony. The land of the tribe of Simeon, lying along the coast of the Mediterranean, was at this time vacant, and the hills and valleys of the tribe of Juda were silent and desolate also. Here—in the absence of the families of the tribes of Juda and Simeon (then fulfilling, with the rest of the tribes of Israel, the term of their captivity in a strange land)—they took up their new home, taking possession of the more southern part of the tribe of Juda and the whole of the sea-washed patrimony of Simeon. Here they remained—with the city of Hebron in the hill-country of Judea as their capital—till they were conquered by John Hyrcanus, nearly seventy years before the period of which we write, and were by him amalgamated with the Jews. From this day the Edomites became *one* in every respect with the Jews,—though they did not lose their distinct appellation as Edomites till about the close of the first century of the Christian era. The name of Edom or Esau then became merged in that of Jacob or Israel and the two currents, so long

* Isa. xxxiv. 6.

† Obadiah 9.

diverse, have since flowed in one and the same channel. The controversy that began in the womb of Rebekah is thus extinct,—perhaps a type of the end of all controversy in the great brotherhood of men.*

The boy-king Herod, therefore, now stood in the ancient home of his forefathers,—their home before their forcible exile and banishment. Their tombs were excavated in the sides of the mountains; but, after the lapse of so many hundred years, was he able to trace the family monuments? Nearly five hundred years had passed since their expulsion, and dreadful was the havoc that their enemies made among them. It would seem, indeed, as if that was a day of slaughter and of extermination: but a remnant of the race was left, and probably the memorials of families were swallowed up in the general wreck. But it was enough for so impressible a mind as that of this descendant of Esau—now adopted into the family and house of Jacob—that he stood on ground consecrated by the memories of his illustrious progenitors. Then the city itself was calculated to awaken all his natural impressibility. Such a city! The tide of population swelling and overflowing the narrow boundaries of the open area begirt by precipitous mountains, the sides of the mountains were excavated for dwelling-places. There they rose, tier above tier, cut out of the rock. But the vein of

* After the lapse of so many ages, the reader thus finds fulfilled the word of the Lord to Rebekah:—"Two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels; and the one people shall be stronger than the other people, and the elder shall serve the younger." Gen. xxv. 23. Esau long had the predominance, but Jacob finally and completely prevailed.

that rock was so soft, so fine, grained as if by a painter with every variegated color, that art itself could not equal it. To all these dwellings the water of the mountains was conducted by grooves or channels cut along the face of the rock, which grooves can be traced in their course to this day. Yea, even their temple (where perchance the God of the father of Esau was worshipped) was wholly cut out of the rock, and the space-way before it. Such the city, such the singular edifices, then peopled with human beings, which rose before the view of our boy as he looked and gazed upon the new and strange spectacle. Though the city of Alexandria in Egypt at this time appropriated the vast wealth that once emptied itself here as the great mart of earth, yet was it still a wealthy and populous city. The plain to the east of it, at the mouth of the ravine, was very rich and extensive. The valley to the north and south of Petra was rich also; while even the rocky hills on both sides of the valley (whence the name Arabia Petræa; that is, rocky or stony Arabia) were cultivated with such labour and skill as to make them more or less productive. The olive, that loves the rock, probably grew there; and, where the soil could not be tilled, the branching and leafy vine threw its grateful shade, or the citron and pomegranate diffused their delicate fragrance. The valley supported many cities; and we can judge of its population, with that of the capital and the adjacent mountains, by the large army Aretas was able to bring into the field.

Here, then, were cities almost as old as time itself,—cities so old that none can be found older. Here was the city and country of Job. Here was Teman, here

Uz, here Bosrah, here Naama or the pleasant district. What associations arise with these names! Is there silence now in that land,—that land once so full of people and renowned for wisdom? Do the owl and the raven contend for the possession of the ancient abodes of the Edomites? If you lift up your voice in that silent and deserted city, is no answer heard but an echo so sad, so drear, as to startle you? Are the fields of the valley all untilled? Does not the grape grow, or the olive yield its fruit? Are there no more either vineyards or olive-fields? The wells and the cisterns that watered the soil and so greatly enriched it,—are they dry or filled up? Still, voices will be heard there again. The sepulchre of Job is not known: there is no stone to record where he lies. But he will be seen there again,—seen on that spot. Yea, and many an ancient man of those early times, of whom the world was not worthy:—Aaron among the rest, whose tomb on the top of Mount Hor looks down from its lofty pedestal into the city of Petra itself. And many an Israelite besides, who with Moses and Aaron marched in other days along the base of this very mountain,—they will all rise again, and, for aught we know, visit their old haunts; for do we not read, “Saviours shall come upon mount Zion to judge the mount of Esau; and the kingdom shall be the Lord’s”?*

Here were thoughts and memories for this boy Herod. He was not too young to be affected by them. He had great quickness of perception,—a most lively fancy. The very echoes of the mountains found an answering

* Obadiah 21.

response in his soul. He seemed to himself to hear the voices of past ages as he ascended the mountain-side to the top, or marked the circling flight of the eagle from the high battlement on which he stood. A something within spoke of everlasting ages, as he looked around from that lofty elevation and contrasted the mightiness of the works on which his eye rested, with the little, busy groups of men in the area of the city so far, far below his feet. "How small is this current"—he might have soliloquized—"that flows below me! that stream of life, seemingly how weak and insignificant, with these monuments of rocks and hills piled up around me on every side! How like an insect the busy crowds yonder flutter in the breeze for a little moment! How many generations of men pass away and mingle with the flood, while these lofty rocks, these high and everlasting mountains, remain! Yet a voice within tells me man is the more enduring of the two. Nay, our holy books teach us this; Job, my lineal ancestor, says it. How expressly does he say that man will live again,—live ever! Am I, then, to be so much affected that man passes away? Am I not, rather, to look forward to the time when, like a plant of the earth, he will revive, but, unlike a plant, to be cut down not again? This arch, this dome above my head,—who made them but the great Being who made me?" Thus may we suppose this boy-king of a quick and reflective turn of mind mused, as he stood alone on the top of Edom, or hill of Esau, to which he had ascended by steps cut into the sides of the mountain.

Two entire years the boy Herod spent in Petra. During this time he saw Aretas, King of Arabia, at the

head of fifty thousand men, with Hyrcanus and his father Antipater, march forth to replace Hyrcanus on the throne; and not long before he left Petra to return to Jerusalem, he saw Pompey with his legions defile through the narrow pass, take possession of the city, and receive the submission of Aretas.*

But, while the boy Herod remained in the seclusion of Petra, we must trace the course of events that at the end of two years restored him once more to the city of his birth and earliest years,—Jerusalem.

* On a temple, which Pompey built and dedicated to Minerva on his return to Rome after he had finished the war in the East, he stated, among other things, that he had extended the conquests of the Republic from Lake Mæotis to the Red Sea. This, of course, included the conquest of Edom. The inscription has been preserved by Pliny; while the temple itself has long ago perished.

Book Second.

THE MITHRIDATIC WAR.

PROEM.

To interweave, as foliage and fruit in a basket of silver, cotemporaneous history, especially that of the Romans with Jewish scenes, is part of our allotted task. The march of events has brought the Romans to the borders of Judea; while what was transpiring within that sacred land—the strife of the two brothers Hyrcanus and Aristobulus—was preparing the way for the admission of the Romans into it. The Mithridatic war, after the lapse of so many years, in which it had been waged with almost unvarying success by the Romans against Mithridates, the most powerful monarch of Asia of that day, had conducted the legions for the first time to this part of Asia. Never till this war had they penetrated so far to the east. The war began nearly thirty years before, at the gates of Athens, under the conduct of Sylla. This was some eight years before the death of Sylla. Lucullus afterward took the command; and not only did Mithridates flee before him, but he broke the power of Tigranes, son-in-law of Mithridates, and King of Armenia, then a powerful nation. Lucullus was superseded by Pompey, who brought the war to a close. Some two years, however, before it was brought to a close by the death of Mithridates, Pompey,

having driven that king out of Pontus, his native kingdom, compelled him to take refuge in one of his most remote provinces or dependencies, on the Cimmerian Bosphorus. Here, near the mouth of this strait, which connects Lake Mæotis with the Euxine,* in a section of the large and fertile peninsula known then as Chersonesus Taurica,† Pompey had left Mithridates hemmed in as a lion in his lair. His ships on the Propontis and on the Euxine Sea guarded against escape in that direction; his land-forces—victorious over the Albanians and Iberians, and holding the country between the Caspian and the Euxine—prevented escape in that direction. The interminable plains of Scythia lay to the north. Mithridates driven into a corner from whence escape was hopeless, and the war thus virtually terminated, Pompey, desirous of extending his name and conquests to the Red Sea, sent first part of his army into Syria, under Scaurus and Gabinius, to take possession of that country, and soon after followed himself. At the period, then, we have now reached in our history, the Roman legions and eagles stood on the borders of the sacred land, and the iron hoof of the Republic had seemingly but to descend, to trample alike both Judea and Syria, at one and the same time, into the dust.

We may here add, by way of additional explanation to the reader, that Aristobulus, having been defeated by Aretas and Hyrcanus, was forced to retreat into the temple, while Hyrcanus took possession of the city. But, Aristobulus having subsidized Scaurus and Gabinius, they interfered and compelled Aretas, with his

* Now the Black Sea.

† The Crimea.

army, to retire. On their retreat, Aristobulus, aided by the terror of the Roman name, sallied forth, attacked the Arabians, and defeated them. In this battle, Cæphalion, brother of Antipater, was slain. In this emergency, Hyrcanus, by the advice of Antipater, appealed to Pompey; and thus the Romans became inextricably intermingled with Judea and its fate.

CHAPTER I.

POMPEY IN JUDEA.

. As often as the war-cloud had gathered over that far-famed city, Jerusalem,—the ancient Salem, the city of the righteous King,—as often as the storm had risen portentous on this high hill-top, the scene of such memories in the past,—never before did so dark a cloud brood over it as now. Here was brother arrayed against brother, Jew against Jew, scholar against master, the city against the temple, the temple against the city; all was discord where there should have been peace, all fury where love should have prevailed and hushed each jarring sound. This was the city of peace. The clangor of arms was never meant for this city; the voice of contention should never have been heard in it. But what hear we but the voice of tumult? “I am for Hyrcanus,” says one. “I for Aristobulus,” says another. “Note,” says this one, “the softness, the luxuriousness, of Aristobulus.” “Mark,” says that one, “the inertness, the dulness, of Hyrcanus.” “But,” here interposes another, “if

Hyrcaus be dull, he is just. He never swells his coffers with the riches of weak, unoffending neighbours." "What!" says a partisan of Aristobulus, "shall we sit inactive, and not gorge ourselves with the spoils of the weak, like any other nation? Aristobulus, like his father, is for war, action, and the aggrandizement of the nation."

But hardly has the war begun when a new personage, whose voice was at this time more potent than that of any other living man, appeared and stilled the rising tumult. This was no less a person than Pompey the Great.

When Pompey first made his appearance on the little stage of Judea, he had hardly exhaled the dew of his youth: the glitter, the freshness almost, of life's morning was yet upon him. He was but forty-one years of age. He had been already once Consul, though he had not even as yet attained the age prescribed by the constitution. Twice had he triumphed,—once for Africa, once for Spain, and both times (which was a most extraordinary circumstance) before he was either Prætor or Consul. When he was first seen from the towers and walls of Jerusalem, with his light-armed and heavy-armed troops winding round the base of Olivet, (having left Jericho early that morning,) the descending sun reflected from the golden-tipped eagle standards in all the lengthened array and order of their usual march, as Jupiter holds the thunderbolt ready to launch it forth, so Pompey at this time held in his single hand nearly the whole power of the Roman Republic. As admiral, he had command of the sea; as general, he had control of all the provinces: without the name, he was in

reality Dictator. He stood at the head of the Commonwealth.

Alas for Jerusalem! Before Pompey lost sight of the city, he had destroyed its walls and levelled its towers with the dust. When it was thought the war between the brothers was over, when, after long delay and parley, Aristobulus had submitted, and Pompey was on the eve of taking peaceable possession of the city, the priests, who were of the party of Aristobulus, with a large body of zealous partisans, (even after Aristobulus had left the city for the camp of Pompey,) seized the temple, cut down the bridges which connected it with the city, and bade defiance to Pompey and his whole army. For three months this body of men defended the temple against every assault, till at length one of the towers on the north wall, over against the palace, having given way, brought part of the wall with it. Faustus, son of Sylla, first leaped into the open breach, followed by his company; others, following, poured like a torrent through the breach, and the city was taken. Nearly if not quite all the defenders of the temple—priests and people—perished in the deadly assault. Pompey took advantage of this so unexpected opposition (despite ancient alliances) to treat the city with great rigour,—to demolish its walls, to impose a heavy tribute on the whole land, and to put it in a state of vassalage to Rome, from which even during the reign of Herod the Great it could hardly be said to have been wholly free. As to Aristobulus, the opposition of his party (innocent as he was of any concurrence in it) served Pompey for a pretence to carry him along with him to Rome as one of his captives. Hyrcanus he left

to preside over the wreck of the fallen city, under the name, not of king, but of prince, or ruler; having, however, first greatly circumscribed the power and limits of the nation.

While the white marble pavements of the courts yet ran red with blood,—while the priests, all gory, lay dead at the foot of the altar, (perishing in the act of calmly performing religious rites,)—over the bodies of the dead, amid the moans of the dying, the smoke of smouldering porticoes, and the flames of burning buildings, Pompey made his way straight into the temple of the Jews. With his chief officers, Gabinius, Scaurus, Faustus, (at that time affianced to his daughter,) and others, he resolved to pass the sacred barriers of the temple and to explore its secret recesses. Great was the consternation of the Jews when once made aware of this resolve. They regarded it as the most impious of acts. The irreverence it betokened filled them with a holy horror. They asked themselves, “How dare any man, unbidden, thrust himself thus into the presence-chamber of the most high God?” Their conceptions of God were of such a transcendently glorious character—they had such a perception of his spotless, infinite purity and holiness—they could hardly conceive of the hardihood, the sacrilegiousness, of such an act. The whole city was covered with gloom as the announcement spread. The sack of the temple, the blood spilled in its courts, was of little account with the profanation of the temple itself. Pompey—a man of war from his youth, taking the sword when but seventeen years of age, under his father, Strabo, nurtured during the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, a partisan of Sylla, with little sentiment of

true piety in his heart—thought lightly enough of the remonstrances of the Jews. He scarce gave them a thought, but went disregardfully, if not proudly and contemptuously, up the steps which led from the inner court, not far from the great altar, to the porch of the temple. On the platform of that magnificent porch or vestibule he and his retinue stood while the bars were removed from the door which admitted into the temple. From that elevated point all the courts lay open before him: the inner court; that of the women, with its porticoes and galleries; the great outer court, beyond which none other than a Jew was allowed to pass. To the north, overlooking the courts of the temple, stood the palace of the king, with its high, strong walls, and its four towers or turrets at each corner or angle of the wall. Highest of all, and which was at the southeast corner of the palace, was the turret called Stratos Tower, in which, afterward, Titus sat, as, in the darkness of the night, one livid stream of fire, mounting upward in spiral wreaths, marked the last burning of the far-famed temple. The whole of this scene—of court, tower, palace—was before the eye of Pompey as he stood on the porch, perhaps between the two great brazen pillars of Jachin and Boaz.

Having entered a shrine so holy, where only the true God was worshipped, what did Pompey and those with him see? Simply two rooms,—one divided from the other by a veil or curtain, richly worked and of rich material; one room in length sixty feet by thirty in width, the other thirty feet square and as many feet in height. In one room he saw three articles of furniture; in the other, in fact, but one,—a small coffer or ark.

The outstretched wings of the cherubim, 'tis true, covered the ark; but even these figures of Heaven's own devising, unlike any thing else that was made, stood on each end of the same little coffer. The gold lid that covered it formed the mercy-seat. Here Pompey stood before the oracle itself. Here once rested the cloud of the divine glory, the visible symbol of the divine presence among his people; and here was heard the voice of God. Here God spake audibly to man; heaven was opened, and man and his Maker, as Moses on Sinai's sacred mount, met face to face,—not, indeed, in the resplendency of an actual visible appearance, but amid a radiation as glorious as man could bear. Nowhere else on this earth did God dwell so visibly as here. All other shrines—Delphic and Dodona—were faint imitations of this original and true representation of the Excellent Glory.

In the first room, or holy place, into which Pompey entered, as the great door of the temple opened, he saw on his left the golden candlestick, on his right the table of shew-bread, and directly in front of him, near the veil or curtain of the temple, the altar of incense. Of the seven lamps in the golden candlestick, three were burning and illumined the room. No ray of sunlight shone in here; the light of the place was the burning lamps, three by day, all the seven at night. All-refulgent was that room in the dark night; the priest whose duty it was to offer the evening incense trimming and filling the lamps, preparing them to burn with more than double brightness through the long and silent hours of the night.


Pompey, having gratified, perhaps, a vain-glorious

curiosity, at the expense of the most sacred feelings of the human heart, (feelings rarely disregarded by impiety itself,) came forth from the temple, and soon after prepared to leave Judea. On his departure, he took with him, besides Aristobulus, his two sons Alexander and Antigonus, and his two daughters. On his way poets sang his praise: this was the theme of all the poets of Lesbos that year. His great actions formed the common topic of discourse. The rhetoricians of Rhodes spake of him in exalted terms. And thus, covered with praises and renown, after an absence of several years, Pompey came back to Rome. No one was ever loved more by the people of Rome than Pompey; so that, as he approached the city, it poured itself forth to meet and welcome him back.

CHAPTER II.

A CHAMBER IN THE TEMPLE.

It is night. All is still within the courts of the sanctuary. The doors are all shut; the great gates are closed; the outer court itself is emptied. All is still, silent, deserted. Within the court of the priests, on the large altar, burns brightly the wood cleared of all impurity, sending its blaze wide around the sacred court. In the guard or ward room of the priests, they who watch the fire sit, waking, numbering the hours as they slowly pass. From time to time, treading the cold



marble pavement with their bare feet, they replenish the fire, ascending to the top of the brazen altar by the lengthened ascent. The Levites in their guard-room watch also, providing wood for the altar, and keeping their nightly vigil. A stillness profound reigns,—a silence so deep that it might be felt; cloister empty, court empty; all asleep, both priest and Levite, save those who watch.

In one room or chamber—somewhere, as we would judge, in the court of the women—in the gallery range, one there is that wakes and watches, rising up from slumber through the night. At night she is the sole occupant of this court. At one end of it the gate called Beautiful shuts it in; at the other end the great brazen gate which separates it from the court of Israel.* All alone she is in the now silent and deserted court,—that court in the daytime so full of worshippers, both men and women. The stars look down from above into the open court; the night-wind sweeps through the cloistered aisles; naught is heard, unless it be the footstep or low voice, in hymn or prayer, of the solitary occupant of this part of the courts of the Lord's house. Greatly is she honoured who is thus permitted to dwell continually in the Lord's house; but as a prophetess of the Most High is this honour granted. In many ways, for a series of years, in that place, God had authenticated the mission of his handmaiden, and no one doubted her high claim or the sacredness of her character.

Alone in her room, her silent chamber, she sits and

* The inner court, properly speaking, consisted of two compartments,—the court of Israel, and the court of the priests.

reads. See! She has just trimmed her lamp. She lays down this roll; she examines that: she compares the two. The label or ticket fastened to the end or top of the roll enables her to determine the name of the sacred book she is anxious to consult. Happiness inexpressible, unutterable, pervades her soul; and as sunshine dances on the sea, so does gladness spread itself over her open and serene face. Her joy is not centred in herself. She is looking out, as on a stormy sea, for land ahead and a peaceful mooring-spot. But a few days before, she heard the strife of arms in that very court; she had been a witness of the unhallowed contest between brethren,—a nation called by the name of God, and chosen out of the whole earth, divided against itself and tearing out its own bowels. She had seen the Roman soldier for the first time, and had perhaps been an eye-witness of Pompey's profanation of the temple; and now she is looking out beyond such scenes to a day of peace, of universal peace and amity. Her own nation, after all its errors and wanderings, she regards as the appointed vehicle of earth's blessing. He who is to calm earth's tempest and lull the roaring sea is to proceed from her own nation. This she reads in every page of each sacred roll on her little table; and her faith triumphant surmounts all the impossibilities of the case.


Her native home was among the hills of Asher, or Aser. She was a daughter of the tribe of Asher, and of the house and family of Phaniel. The boundaries of her tribe toward the sea touched Tyre on the north, and the ancient city of Sidon on the south. The air of her native hills was as pure as that of Thessaly, and the

valleys beautiful as that of Tempe, with Mount Olympus on one side and Ossa on the other, and the placid river Peneus flowing through the centre. She had married when but young: for seven years she had lived in wedlock; when, her husband dying, and God calling her to his work, her remaining life, spun out to great length, was dedicated to her prophetical mission. The Spirit that inspired a Deborah to utter words of fire such as never woman breathed before or since, had descended on Anna, the daughter of Phanuel. But not the actions of a Barak, not of war, does she sing: she attunes her lyre and strikes her timbrel to the conquests of the Prince of Peace. It is the reign of peace and righteousness she sees in the far distance, as Abraham saw it and was glad, as Isaiah saw it, as all the prophets and righteous men saw it; and she rejoiced, even through her tears and long and lonely vigil, at the glorious prospect.

Already had she watched these many years. Five lustrums had she now watched, as in a watch-tower, trimming her lamp, and looking intently for the first sign of the joyful day,—though probably she was now not more than fifty years old. Married in the eleventh year of the reign of Alexander Jannæus, she was a little girl of some three or four years of age at the death of his father, the good king John Hyrcanus. The years of her widowhood had glided swiftly and sweetly away, spent in the service of God, in the study of the Scriptures, (searching what and what manner of time they presignified the advent of the Son of David,) and imparting to others the illumination she herself, from time to time, received from Heaven. Here was no

Pythoness priestess, with hair dishevelled, visage distorted, frame trembling, exhausted by her own incantations, and uttering disconnected phrases and sentences, at times clear, but oftener ambiguous; but a prophetess indeed, with a mind calm and clear, her enunciation uniformly the enunciation of truth. No words from those truly inspired lips ever went forth to light up the torch of war, to scatter firebrands among the nations; but words of peace, cast as oil upon the troubled waters of time. This prophetess breathed naught but peace and of the reign of peace.

Let us, as we may, listen to her this night in her room,—in her honoured chamber in the temple. “What has passed over our earth thus far but the wave of devastation? The yawning ocean has swallowed up how many kingdoms,—kingdoms statelier far than this of mine own country! While our frail bark, tossed by so many tempests, yet lives, how low has sunk mighty Babylon!—how low haughty Assyria! They have disappeared from the earth, buried in oblivion deep, while we yet live as a nation, and our temple survives, rebuilt from its ashes. How is it that God keeps us alive while wreck after wreck is lost in the mighty ocean? Often we have been borne to the very verge of destruction, but an unseen hand is put forth for our deliverance; the bolt is turned aside; the lightning falls harmless at our feet; we swim while others, stronger than we, mightier than we, sink. Why is this? God reserves us to lift a torch on the dark shore of time; to speak a word of cheer to those struggling on a tempestuous sea; to point to an inlet to which all may steer and be safe. The earth, rocked so long, through us is to find anchor-



age at last; the veil that covers, the film that obscures the eyes of all the nations will, through us, be removed at last. We trust in Him that is to come: he will rend the veil; he will remove the darkness of ages. When he speaks, the heaving ocean of time will sink down in an immovable rest. God has not made man in vain: he has not made the earth in vain; he has not made it to be the charnel-house of man, one great burial-place, but to be a garden of the living. As for me"—may we suppose Anna the prophetess to continue to say?—"while I live for the present, I live also for and *in* the future. Thirty-two years have passed since our bridal day, twenty-five since the earth received him I that day espoused back again to her bosom; but know I not that he will live again? The hills of Asher that cover will restore him, if not to me, to Him that made him; and the glories of eternity will be his and mine and of all the redeemed."

But we will now leave Anna to her silent vigil. In the course of our narrative we shall meet her again. We have now a youthful actor to introduce to our readers, one whose life must have run to a considerable extent in a parallel line with that of Herod the Great.

CHAPTER III.

THE SON OF HILLEL.

SOMEWHERE about this time, at least not very many years before, there came to reside in Jerusalem, from Babylonia beyond the Euphrates, a teacher more distinguished than any other since Simon the Just. His name was Hillel.* The integrity of Simon the Just, according to the Jewish doctors, was revived in this new teacher; but whether he adhered to the text of Moses, as did his illustrious predecessor, is somewhat problematical. Simon was the last of a succession of eminent men who from Ezra and Nehemiah clung to the law in its unadulterated form, and who were more solicitous strictly to keep it in its purity and power than to add to it. From the days of Simon a new school sprang up, which, proceeding step by step, gradually overlaid the law with inventions and additions, till at length it pressed the very life and spirit out of it. The law became a man of clay in the hands of these bold innovators. They moulded it to any form they pleased; they could make it say just what they pleased. Hillel was of this school; but possibly from the high degree of credit he acquired for piety and justice, the reverence in which he was held, he may have risen somewhat

* Josephus calls him Pollio.

superior to the meshes of the school in which he had been trained in life and thought, even if an advocate to some extent of the traditions of the elders. The mind when it departs from the simplicity of truth soon gets entangled in a maze of bewildering questions, whether of a Greek sophist or a Jewish Talmudical writer, and both are soon lost in a labyrinth of unintelligible speculations.

This Hillel had a son by the name of Simeon.* He was, as we conjecture, about this time fifteen years of age. He was a chosen youth from his birth. Unlike other boys, his mind from the very first received a serious tinge, and, while other lads of his age were allured by pleasure, he, with a mind already raised to the conception of God, aspired after more elevated joys. It appeared almost unnatural that at such an early age he should be so inaccessible to the delights of youth, and many were the inducements held out to him to enjoy himself as others of his age and circumstances in life. No inducements prevailed with him; no gratifications allured him. Serious, sedate, calm, contemplative, though but a blooming boy, he was a pattern to many an older person. He was so dutiful he never once gave his father, who set the highest store by him, the smallest ground of complaint; while as the eldest son he was looked up to by his brothers with a deference that hardly ever a sage received from his disciples. His word was law with them, and in their innocent and healthful recreations he was their leader, counsellor, and chief contriver. He was loved by them with a love

* So it is thought, not surely known.

which only genuine worth could have begotten in their youthful hearts.

In all the loveliness of a life without a stain this boy Simeon grew up, each year adding to the beauty of his character and the spotlessness of his life. He never diverged from this path. When the passions grew stronger, his heart remained firm to its early choice. In the school of his father,—and his father had numerous scholars,—he applied himself to his studies with great diligence; but it would seem as if, taught by a higher inspiration than schools can impart, he drew in as a bee from the virgin stem, not from the scholia of his teachers, the pure truth of the word itself. While the scholars of the two chief rival schools then in Jerusalem sought to settle their disputations by fights and brawls in the streets, our Simeon, from a higher impulse, sought for truth from the source of light and truth. If the truth were hidden from others, it was not from him, and his heart was established in it. His eyes were not holden that he should not see. What hours he spent in retirement, conning the sacred page of prophet and lawgiver, feeling in his own heart the influence of what he read, and daily gaining a clearer understanding of the import of many passages dark to others, but not so dark to him! Thus was he led along each day, step by step arriving at higher degrees of knowledge, and forming conceptions of God and his word very different from what was generally entertained. Especially he saw, as he thought, light in regard to the hope of his nation, which varied not a little from commonly-received opinions. With others, he felt the impulse that the Deliverer so long expected was at hand; but the *mode*,

the *manner*, of deliverance did not present itself to his heaven-taught mind as it did to most of his countrymen. He felt, if he did not understand, the language of Moses and the prophets on this point. Who was to be the Deliverer, was the great question. He read language on this point so deep, so high, it was altogether beyond his comprehension. He stretched his mind to grasp it, but it escaped him. He saw men, but they were as trees walking. In time he hoped to receive more light.*

One night (we draw, of course, an imaginary picture) he surprised his father by asking this question. He had the roll of David's Psalms before him. "Father," he said, "how is it, if our Messia is David's son, that David calls him Lord?"

With surprise the great teacher Hillel looked at his son. He had never noticed the peculiar phraseology of the psalm. "Son," he replied, "you ask a very singular question. I am not sure that it is in my power to answer it. I will think it over, and examine it first."

At another time he asked another question, if any thing, still more puzzling. Turning to his father, in his calm, inquiring manner, "Father, does David mean that he is to be raised from the dead when he says, 'Thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave, neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption'? or does David speak of our Messia? Is he to die?"

"Boy," again replied the father, "what puts these

* We have ventured, from the delineation in the Sacred Scriptures of Simeon's matured character in advanced age, to deduce a representation of what we suppose his youth and early manhood to have been. Such deductions, according to Aristotle, are not unwarranted.

questions into your head? David surely is dead, and his sepulchre is with us here in our city, and his body is in it still; but as to Messia, how can he die? Our law teaches us that when he comes he will abide forever. I cannot well reply to this question, my son. I must leave it for further consideration."

Thus Simeon grew up deeply meditating divine things, obtaining little light even from his father. But after a while, we may imagine, his steps were guided to Anna, and here he found a teacher more in consonance with his own views and feelings. We have no data to assist us; but it would have been strange indeed if Anna did not find in Simeon one who in the temple oft listened to her instructions as to one illuminated and inspired by God. Without a son, separate from close companionship with all save those who, with herself, were looking for the consolation of Israel, perhaps Anna found a son in Simeon; her mother's heart may have rested here, sharing with him a common joy. As for Simeon, he possibly had a teacher in Anna such as no school in Jérusalem afforded.



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